THE
CATHOLIC RADICAL

"...to foster a society based on creed instead of greed." Peter Maurin

April/May 2018 ***Price: For whatever it's worth.***

Do We Love Guns More than Children?

by Tess Taylor

Editor's Note: This editorial originally appeared on CNN on November 18, 2017.

When I was 12, in the sixth grade in El Cerrito, California, one of my classmates brought a gun to school. She was a bright fellow student — flamboyant, funny, sometimes moody — occasionally in trouble, fun to play kickball with. I still remember her throaty laugh. I also remember the awful day while we stood on the play yard, as she pulled a gun out of her backpack and pointed it at a group of sixth-grade girls, threatening to shoot.

I remember how someone saw and called a teacher; how someone got her to the ground and disarmed her. I remember how two men lifted her small body and carried it out of the school, and out of our lives. We were, that day, all spared, and we went on living. That was in 1988, during the same school year the nation was rocked by the Stockton massacre – the first large shooting on a public school campus, a shooting that took place a few hours from my town. We lived in the vibration of that fear. And as kids, we asked our parents why this would happen, and how to make it better.

Nearly 30 years later, my son goes to the same elementary school I attended. He's in first grade and each day he and other neighborhood kids swing their lunch boxes at the crosswalk before getting in line for class on the same yard I played on at his age.

I am teaching my son how to cross the street safely, how to make play dates, how to read. He has just lost his two front teeth, is starting to read chapter books, and is obsessed with Greek myths. He's learned drills for earthquakes and fires. He's also learning the drill for what happens when an "unsafe person" comes to school. He's six years old, and he already has had to absorb that each day there's a chance that someone could come and shoot him in his classroom.

I know it too, which is why when my phone flashed with an alert for a shooting in Northern California schools after the Rancho Tehama shooting, my blood ran cold and I had to sit down and let the wave of grief pass over me before I could even read further. I only partly exhaled.

Rancho Tehama is three hours away, but the truth is, it's still too close. Sandy Hook is too close. Sutherland Springs is too close. Las Vegas is too close. Charleston is too close. Any day, any moment, it could be any of us, or any of our children, any of their bright lives. And the question I asked when I was 12 still hangs in the balance: What are we doing to make it better?

Not everywhere is like this. Last year,

(Continued on Page 2)

Military Madness

by Scott Schaeffer-Duffy

In the 2/12/18, *Worcester Telegram & Gazette,* Clive McFarland wrote:

How long will we watch Congress increase military spending by the billions while slashing social programs and sabotaging safety nets for children and the elderly before we ask, "Who and what is our military really fighting for?"

...The US spends more on national defense than China, Saudi Arabia, Russia, the United Kingdom, India, France, and Japan combined while having the highest infant mortality rates (in 2013) in the developed world.

Yet, after years of ignoring a host of domestic spending needs, Congress last week passed a budget that will lift the strict cap on domestic spending only after an agreement that the budget include some $716 billion for military spending in 2019, a 13 percent increase from 2013.

Stephen Miles, director of the Washington-based Win Without War advocacy group, said in a statement last week:

"When our nation can't manage to turn the lights on for the people of Puerto Rico, when we can't help those suffering from opioid addiction get treatment, and when we can't ensure education and health care to all of our citizens, how is it possible we can justify spending billions more on weapons that don't work to fight enemies that don't exist?"

Every US president from Reagan to Trump has increased spending for the military. None of them heeded President Eisenhower's warning that "an immense military establishment and a large arms

(Continued on Page 5)

Guns

(Continued from Page 1)

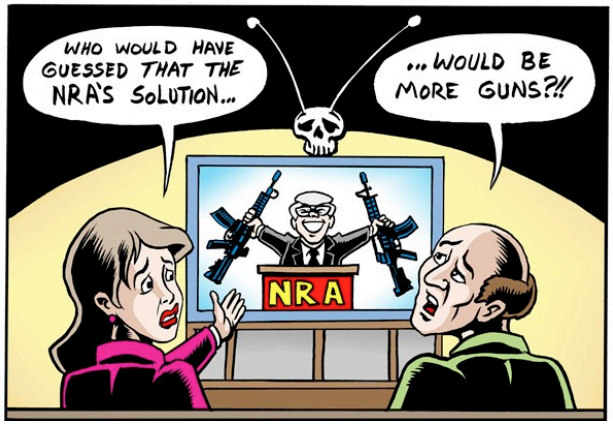
my family and I left the US to spend time in Northern Ireland, a place not historically known for its peace. As we enrolled my son for school in downtown Belfast, he asked the school principal to describe the school drills. She looked a bit puzzled. She told him about the fire drill. And he asked her, "Do you have unsafe person drills?"

As he asked us, all of our faces crumpled. "No, love," she said. "No, we do not." And: they don't. Like other developed countries, like most other countries, period, they don't now expect that people might come into their schools and shoot their children.

Living in Europe I could sense how other countries are baffled by the fact that we put up with this. My son also wants to know. I also want to know why we insist on passing on such trauma to our children. I have tried to understand why a city that was caught in shattering decades-long terrorist struggle is now safer for its children than small towns in California or Texas. I have tried hard to imagine what is in the heart of someone who offers "thoughts and prayers" after yet another massacre, but says "it's not the time" to even learn how to enact sensible regulation of guns.

In the US, we alone bear this burden and this fear: Of the 23 richest nations in the world, according to a 2011 study, we now have 87% of the gun violence, and according to *The Journal of Trauma Injury Infection and Critical Care*, 87% of children killed by guns are killed here. Think of it: across the world, 87% of the children killed by guns are killed here, in our country. Breathe into that fact. Imagine all those bright bodies, all the bodies you can, the noses, the eyelashes, the hopes.

When my son looks at me and tries to ask why this is the case, I cannot think what to tell him. I can only believe that for now at least, we are a country that continues to keep loving our guns more than we love our children; that we put our guns above the health of our children, and above the health of each other.



Keith Tucker

We live in a country where we do not even allow the CDC(Enter for Disease Control and Prevention) to study gun violence as the epidemic it is; where we cannot pass the simplest ban on automatic rifles; or where the Air Force fails to keep guns out of the hands of someone it itself noticed was abusive; where men with a history of abusive behavior again and again go on public rampages.

I am tired of living in a cycle where we choose our own trauma and violence over solutions. I am furious at politicians who accept money and then cower before the gun lobby. I am furious that a few loudmouthed interest groups force the rest of us to raise generations of children in fear. I am furious that we do not have adequate mental health services for people in need. I am furious that we are not demanding more of our politicians and more of ourselves. I am tired of treating white male domestic-abusers who massacre people as some kind of unsolvable problem. I can only believe that for now at least, we are a country who keeps loving our guns more than we love our children.

Personally, I've begun to feel that my Second Amendment rights are being violated. I was promised the right to a well-regulated militia, and instead I see a nation that falls victim, week after week, body after body, to a series of unstable people with elaborately hoarded arsenals. I am absolutely sure our founders would be appalled. I am absolutely sure that our founders would not wish that we run out and buy even more guns because of it.

This is a country of hunters and sportsmen, my family included. I cannot foresee an America without guns. I can imagine an America, though, where we act as if our children's lives are worth more than our guns, where we decide that we can no longer tolerate living within a raging epidemic of violence. I can imagine an America where we worry more that a domestic abuser will get a gun and kill someone than we worry about the brief annoyance of a background check. I can imagine an America where we don't imagine we need guns in churches, schools, Starbucks, or national parks.

Thirty years ago, I walked off a field alive. Far too many American children have not been so lucky. It should not be luck. We should be confident in our daily peace. There should be no unsafe person drills here. Ω

Vol. 34, No. 5 **THE** **April/May 2018**

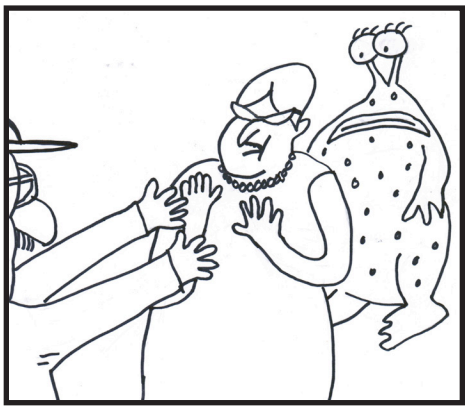
CATHOLIC **RADICAL**

Published every two months by:
The Saints Francis & Thérèse Catholic Worker Community
52 Mason Street, Worcester, MA 01610 Telephone: (508) 753-3588, 753-3089
Email:theresecw2@gmail.com

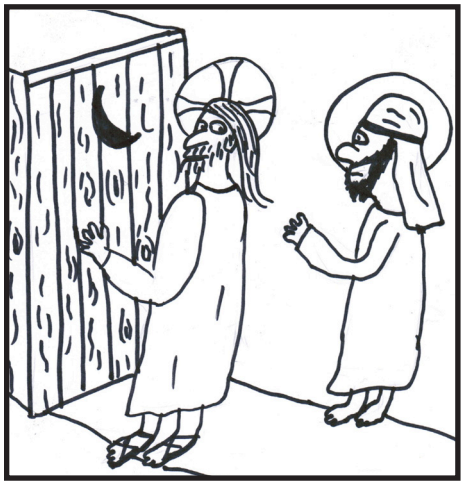
Founded in 1933 by Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin, the Catholic Worker is a lay movement serving the poor while denouncing injustice and proclaiming peace. We are not tax exempt. We rely entirely on the generosity of our supporters to meet our expenses. We welcome volunteers, letters, poetry, articles, artwork, and donations.

The Far Side of the Bible

drawn and imagined by Scott Schaeffer-Duffy (apologies to Gary Larson)

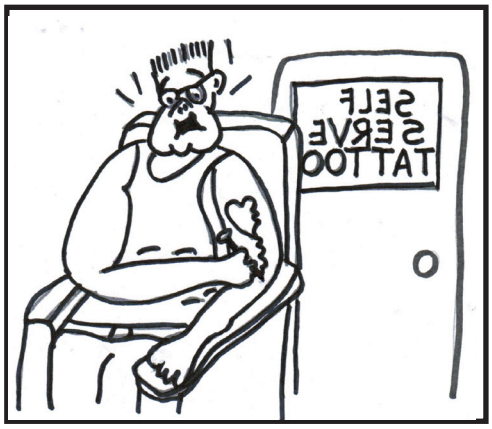


"Keeping you also from the alien woman." Proverbs 22:28



"Where I am going, you cannot come." John 8:21

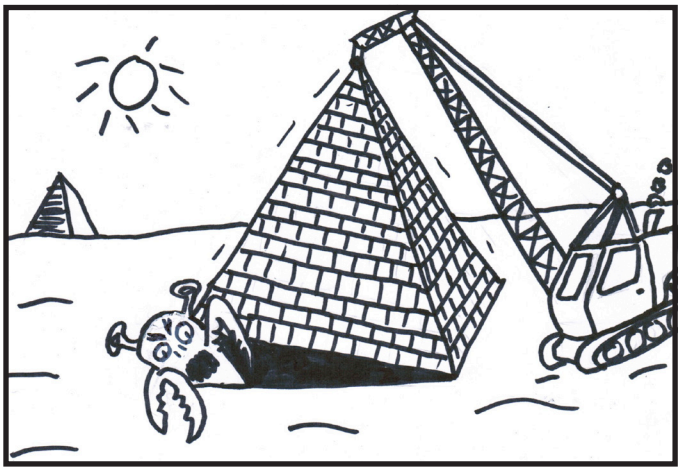
"Does not God live at the height of heaven?" Job 22:12



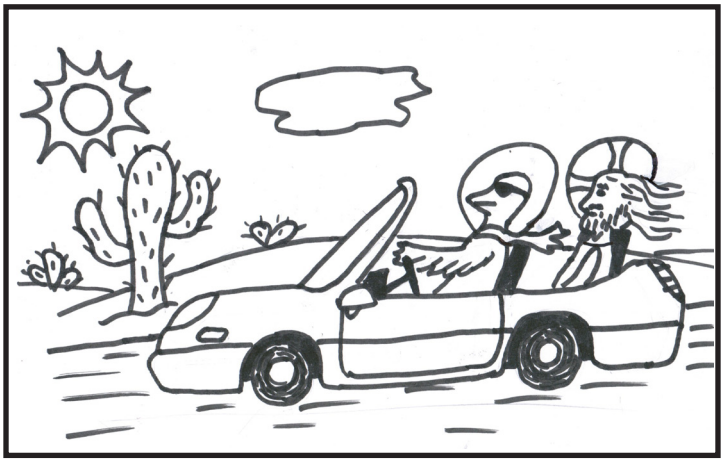
"You are not to tattoo yourself." Leviticus 19:28

"On that day, the Lord will shave." Isaiah 7:20

"Live happily with the woman you love through all the meaningless days of your life." Ecclesiastes 9:9



"Do not displace the ancient landmark, set by your ancestors." Proverbs 22-28



"The Holy Spirit drove Jesus into the desert." Mark 1:12

"Return of the Prodigal Son," *(detail), by Rembrandt van Rijn*

We have learned that every soul —
even though sin-burdened, vice-entangled, pleasure-enticed;
even though in exile, a prisoner-of-war, incarcerated in body,
mud-stuck and mire deep, limb-fastened and care-fixated;
even though strung-out over business wranglings,
fear-knotted and sadness-crushed;
even though errant in wrong-headed wanderings,
in anxious uneasinesses,
in restless suspicions;
even though a foreigner in a foreign land, among enemies,
and—as the Prophet says—one polluted by death with the dead
and numbered among those going down to hell—
even so, we have learned, I believe, that every soul
(however condemned, however hopeless)
can turn around, can turn back, and breathe once more
not only the hope of mercy, the hope of pardon,
but can even dare breathe aspirations of wedding-nights
with the Word. Ω

Saint Bernard of Clairvaux

Lest We Doubt

As charges increase that the United States perpetrates systemic racism, especially towards black males, many on the right and even some on the left have doubts. When they learn that black males earn less, are jailed more often, and get fewer advanced degrees than white males, they wonder if these discrepancies might be related to factors other than racism, i.e. broken families, poverty, poor schools, lower effort, or a greater inclination to commit crimes.

On March 19, 2018, *The New York Times*, refuted some of these arguments against systemic racism in an article entitled, "For Black Men, Growing Up Rich May Not Help." In this well-documented article, we learn that the male children of black American millionaires, children who grew up in affluent neighborhoods and attended excellent schools, are as likely to be incarcerated as the white sons of families earning less than $36,000. Khiara Bridges, a professor of law and anthropology at Boston University says, "Simply because you're in an area that is more affluent, it's still hard for black boys to present themselves as independent from the stereotype of black criminality." Will Jawando, a lawyer who worked in the Obama White House on a mentoring initiative for black boys, admits he is careful to dress like a professional because "if I'm putting on a sweat suit... will I be seen as some kind of a hood black guy? Will people recognize me at all?"

A second article in the same edition of the *Times*, entitled "Minneapolis Schools Look Hard at a Racial Discipline Gap," documents how black boys are punished three times more often for the same infractions as white boys. In 2014, federal investigators found widespread discriminatory practices. For example, "A black second-grade student was suspended for one day for poking another student with a pencil, but a white second-grader who threw a rock that hit another student and broke a teacher's sunglasses was not. The white student was allowed to work off the cost of the sunglasses by helping the teacher at lunch for several days." Black students are suspended nationally three times more often than whites. Ω

Military

(Continued from Page 1)

industry" formed a "military-industrial comnplex" with "grave implications" for "the very structure of our society." Despite Eisenhower's background as a World War II general, he concluded that "Disarmament, with mutual honor and confidence, is a continuing imperative. Together we must learn how to compose difference, not with arms, but with intellect and decent purpose." Unlike recent presidents, Eisenhower realized, "We cannot mortgage the material assets of our grandchildren without risking the loss also of their political and spiritual heritage."

In a February 22, 2013 article in *The American Conservative,* entitled "16 Ways to Cut Defense Spending," Jon Basil Utley pointed out:

...The military maintains some 4,000 bases inside the US and 1,000 overseas with personnel in 140 nations; many installations have fewer than 100 troops. Many are simply tripwires filled with potential hostages so as to get America involved in new conflicts and wars. Vast cutbacks are possible....

Weaponry is the greatest money sink of all. Weapons are designed to be built in key congressional districts, not to be the most efficient or cost effective, as during the Second World War. The F-22 had 1,000 suppliers in 44 states. The F-35 has 1,300 suppliers in 45 states in key congressional districts and is now estimated to cost up to $300 million per plane.... Congressmen stick the Pentagon with suppliers at extra-high cost (see this report on oil pans for $17,000 each) from their congressional

IF THE UNITED STATES CUT ITS MILITARY BUDGET BY 85% IT WOULD STILL BE THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

districts and then (often) get donations from the same companies for their campaign funds. Other Congressmen put in spending for projects the Pentagon does not even want. The whole process contributes vastly to corruption in Washington and undermining America....

And yet, the public continues to be duped by ridiculous claims of US military inferiority against boogeymen of vastly inflated capabilities. In response to President Trump's State of the Union charge that China poses a military threat, the Chinese foreign minister pointed out that the US has more than 7,000 nuclear warheads while they have 300.

Desite the fact that we have the world's largest nuclear arsenal, a history of using and threatening to use nuclear weapons, and plans to build many new ones, Americans are hoodwinked into believing that Iran and North Korea are bigger threats to peace.

While children in Oklahoma go to public schools only four days a week and 28 million Americans are still without healthcare, trillions of dollars go to the Pentagon. Just as the teenagers in Parkland, Florida have found the courage to stand up to the National Rifle Association, we need to stand up to the military/industrial complex. Lives at home and abroad depend on it. Ω

Hopeful Witnesses

On January 22, Sterling Haring, a former member of the National Rifle Association, helped treat school shooting victims at Vanderbilt Medical Center in Kentucky. On February 25, he told National Public Radio:

It's jarring ...to see bullet holes in a child. It's shocking. It's disturbing. I wondered, 'Is anything going to happen? Is anyone going to do anything to prevent this next one?' And I couldn't help but think, this is just going to happen again.

...I was raised in a very gun-friendly fa.mily, very gun-friendly culture. I got my first rifle when I was eight years old. ...When I was 14, I got my Eagle Scout Award, and my uncle let me pick what gun I wanted from his arsenal.... I asked for an assault rifle, and I got it.

... My views have changed in that I've seen a lot of the data. I've done a lot of work with the injury center at Johns Hopkins. And that certainly opened my eyes quite a bit. But I don't think anything would have prepared me to see bullet holes in a child.

I think there are some easy options that we can do right up front. I think we can ban bump stocks. I think we can pass an assault rifle ban. I think we can introduce and strengthen universal background checks but make them truly universal....90 percent of Republicans and over 90 percent of Democrats support that. There's one organization that tends to not. And they tend to well-fund legislators....I am speaking of the NRA. The vast majority of gun-owning Americans believe that the NRA is an organization by and for gun owners. I'm firmly of the opinion that the NRA is an organization by and for gun manufacturers and gun sellers. Ω

On February 19, Amanda Meyer of Connecticut posted a video of herself destroying her semi-automatic pistol. She

said, "I really like this gun, but you know what I like more? When people don't get killed.... Once I saw the vileness and disregard for human life following the Florida shooting the choice became much easier." Ω

On February 19, Scott Pappalardo of New York posted a video of himself destoying his AR-15. The long-time gun owner, who has a tattoo of an assault rifle and a banner that reads "the right to keep and bear arms," said, "It's guns like this that take away lives... So, when do we change? When do we make laws that say a weapon like this isn't acceptable in today's society?" Ω

No Innocent Bystanders

Reviewed by Scott Schaeffer-Duffy

No Innocent Bystanders: Becoming an Ally in the Struggle for Justice, by Shannon Craigo-Snell and Christopher J. Douçot, Westminster Knox Press, 2017.

A 1968 presidential commission, identified "white racism" as the key cause of "pervasive discrimination in employment, education, and housing." On February 26, 2018, the Economic Policy Institute released a report that African-Americans are often worse off now than before the Civil Rights Movement. They found that 7.5% of African-Americans are unemployed in 2017 compared to 6.7% in 1967, and that the current rate is roughly twice the white unemployment rate. Black home ownership remains 30% lower than white. Black family wealth today is only 10% of white wealth. In 1967, black Americans were 5.4% more likely to be jailed than whites. In 2017, they were 6.4% more likely to be incarcerated. Black Americans typically earn 82.5 cents of every dollar earned by whites and are half as likely to graduate from college. Clearly, there is still much to be done to eradicate racism in the US.

Professor of theology Shannon Craigo-Snell and long-time Catholic Worker Chris Douçot have written a remarkably helpful book on how white people can become constructive allies with the victims of racism today. **No Innocent Bystanders** reminds its readers that racism goes far beyond interpersonal attitudes to pervasive structural injustice. In its early pages, the authors document examples like banks deliberately excluding blacks from home ownership in decent neighborhoods. They remind us that things whites might consider as purely economic, like the location of grocery stores or decisions to cut funding for public transportation, so disproportionately impact people of color as to constitute structural racism. They detail systemic racism in Ferguson, Missouri that predated the killing of Michael Brown by a white police officer. Craigo-Snell and Douçot, like various authors, convincingly and succinctly lay out the past and present reality of racism.

Where **No Innocent Bystanders** differs from other books on racism is that it provides an invitational, faith-based, analysis of the problem with practical suggestions of how whites can contribute to solutions. The authors deepen our awareness of racism as personal and social sin, and then steer us with grace, faith, hope, and love toward repentance, restoration, and forgiveness. They counsel humility, patience, and the willingness to listen and learn from people of color, but do not promote a guilty self-loathing that sometimes accompanies awareness of white privilege. They invite whites to become allies, as opposed to partners or would-be saviors, and point to the importance of allies in the struggle for gay rights.

No Innocent Bystanders manages to confront pernicious evil without paralyzing the reader with hopelessness and guilt. The authors' definition of sin as "missing the mark" as opposed to deliberately choosing to do what is wrong is typical of their attitude. Their purpose is to inspire positive action that can be sustained. They give concrete examples of how to become an ally, ways that each of us can undertake.

While inviting whites to learn "about the day-to-day experiences of people who are not in the dominant culture," they remind us, "Any small act toward justice is worthwhile. Furthermore, the difference between doing nothing and doing something is enormous. The most important thing is to do something." To put flesh on the bones of this notion, the book ends with "Examples to Follow."

No Innocent Bystanders is an invaluable read for people of faith looking for ways to help stem the rising tide of racism and promote racial justice. Ω

Dear Claire,
Thanks very much for your "Mason Street Musings."

We are indeed all connected. The basic tragedy of our lives is that we don't see it. It is why the world is in the state it's in. Thanks for being a witness to our divine connection.

I only have one issue with your article. "Worcester was encapsulated in a wave of absurdly cold Canadian air…" I take that personally!

It is absurd and ridiculous. I'm sorry. We can't help ourselves up here. Most of the time we feel very smug we aren't American—until the winter comes round. And then I'm deeply ashamed. And my Cuban blood feels very oppressed.

Stay warm.

Paul del Junco
Toronto, Canada

Dear Scott & Claire,
Thanks (always) for the newest edition of *The Catholic Radical*.

I have also come to the conclusion you expressed in"Corruption at the Top" in this post tax "reform" place. "And so we must continue to" do the works of mercy, compassion, justice. Bravely. Unafraid. When we catch a glimpse of God who is loving Mother of *all* creation, we can do no less than try to follow according to our individual capabilitites and circumstances. In Richard Rohr's column, I recently read this wonderful sentence: "Most Christians glibly recite 'They Kingdom come,' but this means almost nothing unless they also say, 'My kingdom go.'"

Barbara Laborde
Oakham, Massachusetts

Dear Scott, Claire, etc.,
I really liked your "Integrity" article. I've recently caught myself muttering under my breath about several people. I was shocked at myself, as I didn't realise I was holding a grudge against them. I had hidden my anger away because I didn't want to believe I was the sort of person to hold a grudge. However, my experience is that suppressed "sins" have a habit of eventually surfacing explosively and destructively. So I'm glad I had a peek at the festering puss of holding a grudge. It is so much healthier to know it's there. Even if I can't overcome my grudges immediately, hopefully now that they're in the light, they won't continue to simmer away sneakily.

And, just as it's important to be honest that not one of us is perfect, it's equally important to be honest and acknowledge that no one person is evil. There are good points to be found in each person — good points that will flourish if fed. So, thanks also for the "No One Is Evil" article.

[My partner] Charlie and I have been very busy with numerous *tangi*. A *tangi* is a Maori mourning. Traditionally they last for three days, but we've been part of ones that range from just one day long to six days long. The whole village gets behind them — from those who perform the customs, to those who butcher the beast for the food for all the mourners, or those who dive to collect seafood, those who cook, those who childmind for the cooks or bereaved families, those who clean toilets, those who dig the graves, etc. Charlie and I are part of the team which performs welcomes.

The latest *tangi* was held in Aukland. We had thought the local tribe would lead the formal side, but Charlie ended up being the male speaker and I the lead singer (with Charlie's mum accompanying). The main female elder from a nearby *marae* [a Maori meeting house] was present and helped us know how to follow the local customs.

Kiwiana

That was a really good experience. I grew to respect that elder — Aunty Lovie. She was dignified, strong, forgiving, gentle, and humble all wrapped up in one. She spoke often of the loneliness of the role and sobbed when she said good-bye to Charlie and me. So, I guess she enjoyed being part of the team. It was a good reminder of how lucky we are not just to have each other, but to have a strong team in the village amongst whom we are the novices (me in particular).

Sheri Waata
Whirinaki, New Zealand

Dear Claire,
Thank you for your effort to highlight Abby Kelley Foster. I've been trying for years, since I read her bio [**Ahead of Her Time: Abby Kelley and the Politics of Antislavery** by Dorothy Sterling], to get friends (Friends) to read it at the Uxbridge and Smithfield Meetings.... I think we in Rhode Island own her, but I guess she is a Massachusetts person.... I think her family came from the North Shore (Salem). She went there to teach and developed her abolitionist views. Not at Moses Brown where she was taught. Friends were in a quietest era.

I wonder if Kelley Square is where her family farm was? There is a sign at Hope Cemetary directing people to her gravesite. Her sister Olive is buried around the corner from where I live in Millville, Massachusetts. I visited her home in the winter and wonder if there are still any apple trees around....

Yes, nonviolent social change is sometimes hidden but needing to be told, like [the fact that] only 10% of Massachusetts' blacks vote, even after all the work she and others did.

Marcel Saint Germain
North Smithfield, Rhode Island

Editor's Note: Abby Kelley and Stephen Foster's farm house still stands at 116 Mower Street in Worcester. The owner opens it for tours. Worcester's Kelley Square is named for Sgt. Cornelius F. Kelley, who was killed in Verdun, France on October 13, 1918.

Catholic Worker Calendar

April 4, 25 & May 23— Evening Prayer: Join us for prayer and Taize chant at 7 P.M., 52 Mason Street.

April 11—We Grow Into Courage: A theatrical reading of civil rights texts excerpted from **Hands on the Freedom Plow: Personal Accounts by Women in SNCC,** Very moving!, Becker College, 7 PM More info: theresecw@aol.com.

April 14 & May 19 — Vigil to Reverse the Gun Culture: Join us at The Gun Parlor shooting range from 12:30-1:30 P.M., 170 Prescott Street, Worcester.

April 17 — Spring Sing Along: Come hear Dan Burke lead a night of Motown, blues, rock, and folk songs. An event not to be missed.We'll provide the lyrics, back up, food, and drink. 7 P.M., 52 Mason Street.

Murder on Mott Street
A Catholic Worker Mystery

by Scott Schaeffer-Duffy

"Fun, educational, and inspiring."
Meg Brodhead
former editor of *The Catholic Worker*

On sale for $12 starting June, 2018
Advance orders only $10

Mason Street Musings

In less than three months, when I turn 60, I will be eligible for a 10% discount at dozens of restaurants, stores, and movie theaters. I will officially graduate from middle age to senior citizen, a fate most people dread as a slippery slope toward pureed food in a lonely nursing home. Some of my elder friends fight back by trading in their sensible sedans for flashy sports cars. Sad to say, some trade in their wives as well for newer models. One college classmate has already relocated to Florida, a place he calls "God's waiting room." None of those ploys appeal to me. In fact, I longed for glasses for decades and rejoiced when I first spotted grey in my beard. I may be confused, but I've always considered elders to be wise and woolly folks. My great grandfather enjoyed going to the beach where he'd take off his wooden leg and wave it around to scare teenagers. I know a half dozen incredible peace activists who are in their 80s and 90s. I met a 95-year-old woman who was learning to play the cello. While I have to go to the bathroom several times a night, I still view the upcoming senior discounts as undeserved freebies rather than compensation for travails.

Three things help me see the sunny side of aging. One: my life here at the Catholic Worker, supported as it is by so many wonderful people, is always challenging, interesting, and often fun. Two: my amazing wife, Claire, is a house on fire of creativity, of whose beauty I am still hopelessly enamored. And three: God keeps surprising me with new ideas and experiences. I just finished my second book, a murder mystery set in 1941 at the New York Catholic Worker. I am training for my eleventh marathon. Knee-deep

as I am nowadays in grandchildren, I'm parenting again. While war, corruption, and injustice are bummers, the courage and clarity of high school students from Parkland, Florida, and women in the MeToo Movement lift my spirits. God loves the unexpected and I guess I do too. If anyone had told me ten years ago that I'd write books or run marathons, I would have told them they were crazy. Certainly, Sarah thought the angel who predicted she'd have a son in her old age was nuts, and yet, she did bear Isaac. Who woulda thunk it?

Once a person opens themselves to grace, I believe there is so gosh darned much of it cascading down on us that life becomes an adventure rather than a chore. I hope to always have the attitude Hunter S. Thompson expressed: "Life should not be a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely in a pretty and well preserved body, but rather to skid in broadside in a cloud of smoke, thoroughly used up, totally worn out, and loudly proclaiming 'Wow! What a ride!'"

The times, not just ours, but all times, tempt us to despair, to shriek, "Things are finally going over a cliff!" But, with half an ear open, we can hear God proclaim, "Nonsense! We are on the brink of the best of times!" If we even catch the faintest glimpse what God has in store for humanity, we will scoff at despair and begin anew, joyfully every day. No matter our faith or lack thereof, we can be filled with Easter confidence that death never has the final word. The discounted movie tickets I'll soon receive prove it to me. Ω

Scott

SS. Francis & Thérèse Catholic Worker
52 Mason Street
Worcester, MA 01610
(508) 753-3588 & (508) 753-3089

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

FIRST CLASS
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
WORCESTER, MA
PERMIT NO. 271